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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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## POETRY.

### PLEDGE TO THE DEAD.

William Winter's Poem, Read at the  
 Army of the Potomac Reunion at  
 Albany.

From the lily of love that uncloses  
 In the glow of a festival kiss;  
 On the wind that is heavy with roses  
 And swirls with the bugles of bliss,  
 Let it float o'er the mystical ocean,  
 That breaks on the kingdom of night—  
 Our oath of eternal devotion  
 To the heroes who died for the right!

They loved, as we loved, yet they parted  
 From all that man's spirit can prize;  
 Left woman and child broken-hearted,  
 Staring up to the pitiless skies;  
 Left the tumult of youth, the rich guerdon  
 Hope promised to conquer from fate—  
 Gave all, for the agonized burden  
 Of death, for the Flag and the State.

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain,  
 That only by angels is trod;  
 Where they muse by the crystalline fountain,  
 That springs in the garden of God,  
 Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?  
 Do they never look back and regret—  
 Ah! the valiant are faithful and tender,  
 And Honor can never forget!

Divine in their pitying sadness,  
 They grieve for their comrades of earth;  
 They will hear us and start into gladness,  
 And echo the notes of our mirth;  
 They will lift their white hands in a blessing  
 We shall know by the tear that it brings—  
 The rapture of friendship confessing,  
 With hark and the waving of wings.

In the grim and relentless upheaval,  
 Which blesses the world through a curse,  
 Still bringing the good out of evil  
 (The garland of peace on the hearse),  
 They were shattered, consumed and forsaken,  
 Like the shadows that fly from the dawn—  
 We may never know why they were taken,  
 But we always shall feel they are gone.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies  
 No longer is solemn with knells,  
 But love with flowers and with fairies,  
 And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells,  
 If Virtue in cottage and palace  
 Leads Love to the bridal of Pride,  
 'Tis because out of war's bitter chalice  
 Our heroes drank doom—and died.

Ah! grander in doom-stricken glory  
 Than the greatest that linger behind,  
 They shall live in perpetual glory  
 Who saved the last hope of mankind—  
 For their cause was the cause of the races  
 That languished in slavery's night,  
 And the death that was pale on their faces  
 Has filled the whole world with its light.

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it  
 To the freedom of planet and star;  
 Let the tempest of oceans enwrap it,  
 Let the winds of night bear it far—  
 Our oath—that till mankind shall perish  
 And Honor and Virtue are sped,  
 We are true to the cause that they cherish,  
 And eternally true to the dead.

### STORE TELLER.

#### A PRELUDE IN BROWN.

"But, my dear boy, who is going to  
 say anything of the sort? What mis-  
 construction can be put on your go-  
 ing to the seaside for a month, meet-  
 ing a young lady there, and in a nat-  
 ural way making her acquaintance?  
 Nothing may result from it beyond ac-  
 quaintance, and no one is called upon  
 to remark what, after all, is more coin-  
 cidence."

"Uncle Joshua, I wonder you can  
 look me in the face! More coinci-  
 dence! this is a cut-and-dried arrange-  
 ment, and that I am led like a lamb to  
 be sacrificed on the shrine of my  
 heiress. Coincidence, forsooth! I  
 am astonished at your cheek, sir, if you  
 will pardon the expression."

"Upon my soul, you young fellows  
 take pretty airs on yourselves nowa-  
 days," retorted uncle Joshua, angrily.  
 "Maud Lovell is an heiress—and I  
 don't deny—a very considerable hei-  
 cess; but none the less is she a remark-  
 ably pretty girl, accomplished too,  
 and amiable, and all that! just the girl  
 whom you would be sure to fall in love  
 with if it wasn't worth your while to  
 do so. You are a fool, Ned, let me  
 tell you so, a very pronounced fool, if  
 you let such a chance as this slip on  
 account of a farrago of nonsensical no-  
 tions about love and disinterested-  
 ness; all twaddle. Such ideas don't  
 wash, sir, let me tell you. I've tested  
 'em; they don't wash," bringing his  
 hand down with a bang on the table  
 by way of period.

Uncle Joshua was a natty, debonaire  
 old gentleman of suave and circum-  
 spect manners, and a habit of tip-  
 toeing gingerly over the surfaces of ideas  
 and things with due avoidance of all  
 dangerous or debatable spots. This  
 obligation therefore took his nephew  
 quite by surprise. Never had he seen  
 his relative so excited about anything  
 before. His carefully preserved old  
 face was red and hot; he jumped  
 about in his tight boots; his voice and  
 manner were full of unwonted vigor.  
 Ned Banks had been used to think of  
 his uncle as a kindly, formal top, to be  
 gently chaffed and practically ignored  
 when convenient. He hardly knew  
 what to make of him under this new  
 aspect.

Uncle Joshua, for all his little ab-  
 surdities, had been a good friend and

a helpful one to his nephew. To him  
 Ned owed his college education and  
 his start in life—obligations which he  
 had accepted easily at the time, as the  
 young are wont to accept all favors  
 done them, but of which he felt the  
 weight when thus reminded. His op-  
 position to his uncle's scheme had not  
 sprung from any deep-lying principle.  
 The idea of marrying an heiress was  
 no more distasteful to him than to any  
 other man of his age; but he had ex-  
 perience an instinctive repugnance to  
 entering into a preconceived, cold-  
 blooded arrangement for that purpose.  
 Now, however, seeing his uncle's real  
 annoyance and displeasure, he said to  
 himself, "After all, why not? I don't  
 commit myself by simply going to the  
 place." And after a short silence he  
 added: "All right, sir; it's settled,  
 then. I'll be at the Cove at the time  
 you name, and do my best to be civil  
 to the young lady. First of July, is  
 it?" and he took out a note-book and  
 made an entry of the date.

"My dear Ned," cried the older Mr.  
 Banks, deeply gratified, "now you are  
 behaving just as I should wish. I  
 hope—very confidently hope—that  
 this trip of yours may eventuate for  
 your welfare in many ways. Nothing  
 could be farther from my wish than  
 to force your inclinations; but there  
 is no harm in forming a pleasant ac-  
 quaintance, Ned; there can be no  
 harm—no possible harm."

The South Cove was looking its  
 prettiest when Ned Banks, true to his  
 word, alighted on the last of July at  
 the door of its hotel. All the little  
 cottages and dependencies of the large  
 establishment shone in the brilliance  
 of fresh paint. The grass was newly  
 cut; the plaster vases and red-tinted  
 fountains were filled with gay geraniums  
 and bright-leaved plants. Beyond lay  
 the sea, vast and blue, no whit less  
 solemn or less inscrutable for this lit-  
 tle fringe of ornament on its border's  
 hem. A boat, with a scarlet-sailed  
 lady sitting in the stern, was rowing  
 across from the green island opposite.  
 People thronged the piazza. From a  
 distance came the intermittent thun-  
 der of the bowling-alley. The season  
 was fairly under way; that was evident.  
 Ned scanned the groups on the veran-  
 da with the natural hope of seeing  
 some acquaintance. He discovered  
 none; but presently, from the lips of  
 a lady near him, he heard a familiar  
 name.

"Mr. Allibone Crosby told me so."  
 "Where is Mr. Crosby this after-  
 noon?"

"Driving with those Baltimore peo-  
 ple, I believe."  
 "Hullo! what brings him here?" so-  
 liloquized Ned, as he slowly strolled  
 toward the office.

For Allibone Crosby was a reputed  
 suitor of Miss Lovell's—uncle Joshua's  
 ward. It was a singular coincidence,  
 certainly, if nothing more, that he  
 should turn up at South Cove just  
 then; and so Ned reflected as he went  
 to bed, with the moon for a candle,  
 and the boom and surge of the waves  
 coming in through the open window.  
 The idea of a possible rival stimulated  
 his interest in Miss Lovell amazingly,  
 and he made his toilet next morning  
 with the athletic determination to "go  
 in and win" at all hazards.

Uncle Joshua and his party were  
 not due until the 3d, so he had a day  
 in which to look about him and elabo-  
 rate a plan of campaign. Entering  
 the breakfast-room, the first object his  
 eyes encountered was Allibone Crosby  
 himself, coffee-cup in hand. He greet-  
 ed Ned cordially enough, but without  
 affecting surprise at seeing him.

"When did you get in? I heard you  
 were expected about this time."

"Last night. How long have you  
 been here?"

"About a week. Where have they  
 seated you? I say Julia!"—to the wait-  
 ress—"put Mr. Banks here, will you?"

Mrs. Reeves won't be back for another  
 fortnight; he might as well have  
 her seat till she comes."

"I'll take it for to-day with pleas-  
 ure," said Ned.

"Oh!" replied Mr. Crosby, with a  
 sort of rapid glint in his eye. "Well,  
 sit down here now, at all events, old  
 fellow."

The "here" indicated was a seat  
 next but one to Crosby's own, round  
 an angle of the table. The chair be-  
 tween, as well as that on the other  
 side of Crosby, was tilted forward to  
 indicate pre-engagement. Ned order-  
 ed his breakfast, but before it appear-  
 ed two ladies entered, and advanced  
 at once to the reserved seats.

They were so much alike as to be  
 evidently sisters; but while one had  
 the air and bearing of a youthful ma-  
 tron, the other was as unmistakably a  
 young girl. This latter took the chair  
 next to Ned, and Allibone Crosby, after  
 a moment's low-voiced conversation  
 with the older sister, leaned forward  
 and introduced them.

"Miss Darbelle, may I introduce  
 my friend Mr. Banks, of New York?"  
 Then to Ned, "After breakfast I shall  
 have the pleasure of presenting you  
 to Mrs. Peters, Miss Darbelle's sister;  
 just now you seem at an unapproach-  
 able distance."

Both ladies bowed, Mrs. Peters  
 leaning past Mr. Crosby, and smiling  
 brightly as she did so; Miss Darbelle  
 with a shy, upward look out of a pair  
 of brown eyes.

She was a brown little thing alto-  
 gether, was Ned's first reflection, for her  
 hair, evidently all her own, and bound  
 in a great knot at the back of her  
 small head, was bright hazel in color,  
 the long-lashes which shaded her eyes  
 had a bronze-like glitter, and her skin  
 was the richest brunette, with a lovely  
 pink in the cheeks, like the hue of a  
 sun-ripened peach. Even the delicate  
 hands were brown, and the slender  
 arched throat which rose above the  
 dainty ruffle, and as if to enhance the  
 effect, the dress was brown also—a  
 pale cream, relieved with knots of chest-  
 nut-colored ribbon. The extreme fin-  
 ish and delicacy of every line and tint  
 in both dress and wearer gave a pi-  
 quant and striking effect to the whole,  
 which amounted to absolute beauty,  
 as Ned presently decided; and the  
 impression deepened as conversation  
 brought out a saucy glitter in the  
 coffee-colored eyes, and smiles reveal-  
 ed the flash of pearl-white teeth. Miss  
 Darbelle's voice, sweet and low, had  
 that musical semi-southern intonation  
 which is so charming to the unaccus-  
 tomed ear. She was very easy and  
 natural, and altogether Ned found  
 himself so well entertained as to pro-  
 long his breakfast to an unconscion-  
 able extent. It was not till Mrs. Pe-  
 ters had inquired, more than once, in  
 a tone of slight impatience, "Havon't  
 you finished, Essie?" that at last Miss  
 Darbelle, with a demure little saluta-  
 tion, rose and pushed back her chair.

Ned followed, of course. "What  
 else was there to do in that stupid  
 place?" he asked himself. The ladies  
 were going to walk with Mr. Crosby,  
 and he went too. What between the  
 rocks and the beaches, hours sped rap-  
 idly away. There was a row in the  
 afternoon, a game of tennis later, a  
 chat on the moon-lighted piazza. We  
 all know how such things go at a wa-  
 tering-place, where the business of  
 life is simply to live and enjoy the  
 passing moment. It was but for a  
 day. To-morrow Uncle Joshua and  
 his heiress would arrive to claim Ned's  
 time and devoirs. Meantime Miss  
 Darbelle was very pretty, and there  
 was no harm in getting what fun he  
 could out of this extra day. The grave  
 business of life would be along soon  
 enough.

Alas for the mutability of human  
 plans! Next morning brought the  
 following telegram:  
 "Delayed a few days. Stay where  
 you are. Will write. J. BANKS."  
 "What can have turned up?" asked  
 Ned of himself, but he submitted to  
 the delay philosophically. The hotel  
 proved very comfortable; the weather  
 was delicious; there might easily be  
 found a worse place to wait in than  
 South Cove, even without Miss Lovell  
 to add to its attractions. He tele-  
 graphed an answer: "All right; will  
 wait," and resigned himself with hap-  
 py ease to the situation.

A letter from Uncle Joshua came  
 next. Mrs. Lovell, it seemed, had  
 been taken ill; nothing serious, but  
 it might detain them two or three  
 days—perhaps till Thursday. "Till  
 Thursday," then, Ned felt himself to  
 be off duty, and he utilized his re-  
 priev in the manner most agreeable  
 to himself—by seeing as much as pos-  
 sible of the Baltimore ladies. It's a  
 kind of prelude to the real thing, he  
 told himself, "keeping my hand in, so  
 to speak, and will be all the better  
 when the other girl comes to the fore."  
 Ned had probably heard the adage  
 about edged tools and the danger of  
 playing therewith, but it did not re-  
 cur to his mind just then.

Mr. Banks' flirtation with the pret-  
 ty Miss Darbelle became the mild ex-  
 citement of the season at the South  
 Cove. Morning after morning the  
 cream-brown costume was to be seen  
 on the rocks in close proximity to  
 Ned's suit of gray tweed or spot-  
 less duck, the afternoons saw the two  
 together on the water, the evenings in  
 close conversation in the dimmest  
 and most remote corner of the long piazza.  
 Mrs. Peters looked on without inter-  
 ference, tolerant, like all Southern  
 women, of the progress and evolution  
 of love-making in its incipient stages.

"Essie was always run after where-  
 ever she went. She knows well enough  
 how to take care of herself, and Mr.  
 Banks seems a very nice gentleman,"  
 she told a scandalized matron who felt  
 it more than her duty to utter a word  
 of warning.

Time went on. Thursday brought  
 another letter to say that Mrs. Lovell  
 was better, but that her daughter was  
 now a little ailing. They should not  
 be able to travel before Monday at  
 soonest. Ten days passed—a fort-  
 night. The "prelude" was protracted  
 to an unexpected length. Allibone  
 Crosby disappeared. For a day or  
 two only, he hoped. His room was  
 kept for him; but his absence pro-  
 longed itself to a week. This left the  
 field free for Ned, and his intimacy  
 with the Southern ladies grew apace.  
 Before the final telegram arrived to  
 announce Uncle Joshua and his belated

party, three weeks from the time origi-  
 nally set, all was over, so far as Ned  
 Banks was concerned. He was hope-  
 lessly in love—so hopelessly and so  
 utterly as to make any other idea im-  
 possible to his mind. And with the  
 resolute determination to clinch fate,  
 and defy the world, the flesh and his  
 uncle, he proposed the very day of  
 their expected arrival, won a lovely  
 blushing "yes" from Essie, and await-  
 ed the appearance of his relative with  
 a sense of joy and exultation at heart  
 which made facing lions an easy mat-  
 ter enough, and how much more so  
 confronting one old gentleman of  
 placable manners and a countenance  
 habituated to the expression of milder  
 emotions?

Miss Lovell was pretty—wonderful-  
 ly so for an heiress, Ned was forced  
 to confess. Uncle Joshua seemed  
 singularly depressed. He introduced  
 them with an air so deprecatingly mis-  
 erable that his nephew did not know  
 what to make of it. Behind the trio  
 appeared a fourth passenger—Allibone  
 Crosby.

"Glad to see you back," said Ned,  
 who felt in good humor with all the  
 world just then. His secret burned  
 within him. He followed the party  
 as they went up stairs, Crosby carry-  
 ing the ladies' wraps, and assisting  
 Mrs. Lovell with an air of profound  
 devotion. He turned to meet Uncle  
 Joshua's eyes fixed on him with a look  
 of mournful emotion.

"Come with me to my room," said  
 the old gentleman; "I want a chance  
 to speak with you in private."

"And I want a chance to speak with  
 you in private," retorted Ned, gayly.  
 "It is not your fault, my boy," be-  
 gan Uncle Joshua, in a melancholy  
 tone, as he locked the door and mo-  
 tioned Ned to take a chair. "That is  
 a comfort for me to think of."

Ned stared. What was not his  
 fault? Had Uncle Joshua heard?  
 "There was no fault about it," he be-  
 gan, flushing a little. Such a word is  
 out of the question in speaking of the  
 matter. Wait till you know her, sir."  
 "You're right. I didn't know her,"  
 continued his uncle. "I don't like to  
 say that I was deceived; but I am a  
 man of the world, and tolerably acute,  
 as I flatter myself; and without a good  
 deal of pains having been taken to  
 blind me, I am certain my eyes would  
 have been opened long before."

"But, uncle, you were not here. If  
 you had arrived at the time you fixed  
 you would have seen the thing coming  
 on weeks ago."

"Months, you mean. It seems there  
 was an understanding, if not an en-  
 gagement, in the spring."

"Spring! why, I never set eyes on  
 her till I came here."

"On whom? I am not speaking of  
 you, of course. I refer to this fellow,  
 Crosby."

"Crosby! Why, what has he to do  
 with her?"

"Do with her? why, they are en-  
 gaged, Ned. It is a great blow, after  
 all my hopes, and will be so to you."

Engaged! Crosby! But what has he  
 to do with Miss Darbelle?"

"Miss Darbelle! Who is that? I  
 never heard of her in my life before.  
 Of course I mean Maud Lovell."

Ned stared for a moment; then the  
 full absurdity of the situation flashed  
 before him, and he burst into a laugh  
 so long and loud that Uncle Joshua,  
 suspecting sudden frenzy, cried:

"My boy control yourself! What  
 an extraordinary way of relieving your  
 feelings! Do stop. What is there to  
 laugh at?"

His perplexity changed to dismay  
 when at last the true state of the case  
 was explained, and he found that his  
 cherished nephew had engaged him-  
 self to an unknown somebody from  
 Maryland.

"You positively know nothing about  
 her—about her family, her means of  
 support?" he gasped. "Oh, Ned!  
 Ned! I never heard of anything so in-  
 sane in all my life."

"I know that she is a gentlewoman,"  
 retorted Ned. "No one could doubt  
 that who talked with her for five min-  
 utes. And I know that she is the  
 sweetest, most charming, most refined  
 girl I ever saw in my life, and almost  
 the prettiest. That is enough for me,  
 Uncle Joshua, and I think it ought to  
 be enough for you as well."

It wasn't however. Uncle Joshua's  
 afternoon was completely spoiled. He  
 went about dejectedly, his hands clasp-  
 ed behind his back, head bent, droop-  
 ing whiskers—the very picture of a  
 miserable old gentleman. The very  
 tails of his coat looked wretched, as if  
 in sympathy with their owner. Gone  
 were all his airy graces and conversa-  
 tional sallies. He had not a word to  
 throw to a dog, and went to bed while  
 still the sun was high, pleading head-  
 ache, and excusing himself on that pre-  
 text from the introduction which Ned  
 was eager to effect between him and  
 his new niece elect. To-morrow would  
 be time enough for that, remarked  
 Uncle Joshua, with a low groan.

It was astonishing how he revived  
 next morning, after a before-breakfast  
 talk on the piazza with Allibone Crosby.

"My dearest Ned," he cried, draw-

ing his nephew aside, "I have just  
 heard something which has gratified  
 me very much—very much indeed!  
 Why didn't you explain that Miss  
 Darbelle was the adopted daughter of  
 my old friend Senator Ross? I knew  
 him well in Washington in, let me see,  
 '49 it must have been—a highly elegant  
 man, and a most princely fortune.  
 Your fiancé and her sister are his re-  
 puted heiresses, I understand. I  
 should have met your announcement  
 yesterday quite differently had I known  
 this. My old friend's daughter!—well!  
 well! In some respects the connec-  
 tion pleases me better than the other  
 of which we have spoken. You are  
 going to do remarkably well by your-  
 self—remarkably well, you lucky fel-  
 low!"

"I knew that before, without waiting  
 to learn your further particulars," re-  
 torted Ned. "Uncle Joshua, I pardon  
 you because you have not seen Essie  
 yet. After you have seen her, if you  
 don't ask my pardon, I shall cut you  
 off without a shilling."

"He! he!" tittered Uncle Joshua,  
 restored now to all his pristine compla-  
 cency.

All went merry as a marriage bell  
 after this. The two heiresses and their  
 two lovers were the great exciting top-  
 ics for the rest of that season at the  
 South Cove. Essie bewitched Uncle  
 Joshua at once, and in half a day had  
 that amiable worldling entirely under  
 her dominion. Among other secrets  
 which she wormed out of him was that  
 of the original purpose for which Ned  
 had come to the seashore.

"Oh, you poor fellow!" she cried, be-  
 tween her peals of laughter; "you poor  
 victim! Going out to shear, and com-  
 ing back shorn. Such a fine plot, so  
 beautifully organized, and all to go  
 away! Oh, Ned! Ned!"

Ned's color deepened perceptibly,  
 but he met her laughing eyes boldly.

"Well, yes, it was something like  
 that in the beginning," he confessed.  
 "You see, Uncle Joshua had got the  
 idea into his head, and I felt bound to  
 gratify him if it proved possible. I  
 think I fell in love with you that first  
 morning; but I wouldn't own it, and  
 went on stupidly trying to prove to  
 myself that you were only a—a—"

"A 'Symphony in Black and White'  
 perhaps," broke in Essie, saucily, read-  
 ing the words from the newspaper in  
 her lap. "Or 'A Nocturne in Yellow.'  
 Which was it, Ned?"

"Neither," cried Ned, catching up  
 the paper. "A Prelude in Brown."  
 That was it, Essie. Prelude? That's  
 the thing they play before they begin  
 the real theme isn't it? Well, all I  
 ask is that you will keep on playing so  
 long as I live, darling. I want no  
 other music, nor ever shall, than just  
 my 'Prelude in Brown.'—Harper's  
 Bazar.

### "HOLD UP YOUR HANDS."

ROAD AGENTS ACTIVE IN AND ABOUT FARI-  
 BAULT.

[From the *Farquair, Minn., Democrat*, July 11.]

Monday evening of last week, about  
 9 o'clock, as Mr. James Skinner was  
 driving in from Cannon Lake, accompa-  
 nied by a young lady, two men who  
 wore masks sprang out from behind a  
 big log at the side of the road, a short  
 distance west of Major Bingham's  
 place, demanded a halt, and with pre-  
 sented revolvers ordered him to "throw  
 up his hands and dismount." Mr.  
 Skinner was unarmed and, feeling that  
 resistance would be useless and fool-  
 ish, complied with the demand and  
 obeyed orders. One of the robbers  
 held the horse by the bits and







## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### THE PHILADELPHIA DEAF-MUTE EXCURSION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 15, 1879.  
MR. EDITOR:—As "Old Probs" would have it, the afternoon of July 11th, in Philadelphia, closed with a deluge of rain which had the effect of sending up the hearts of many deaf-mutes of this city into their throats, as well as almost drowning their hopes for fear that the proposed morrow's picnic would be a failure. The morrow came, and with it came, of course, a detachment of the yesterday's clouds which completely hid the sun, the sky, and the zenith from view, and which threatened to storm down unmercifully on Philadelphia and many thousand square miles round about the city. The site of the picnic was to be at Glendown, some miles from Philadelphia, on the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad. But in paraphrasing Hamlet's soliloquy I thought:

To go, or not to go, that is the question!—Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of a threatening storm; Or to take umbrellas 'gainst a sea of clouds, And, opposing, escape them?—To stay,—remain at home,—and, by staying, to say we "scape" shower balls, and consequent natural shocks 'that flesh is heir to,'—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. But, then, to go—Ay! perchance a bright and beautiful day With its thousand pleasures to be disclosed; 'Tis a consummation devoutly wished, too.

So I hurried to the railroad depot and had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of mates of both sexes awaiting the starting of the excursion train. Just before leaving the depot gleams of sunshine, penetrating the clouds, began to buoy up our hopes, and, at last, arising to the surface of the threatening flood, we were saved from a watery grave.

Well, in due time, we arrived at Glendown station, whence a general run was made to the grove. Much credit is due to the committee of arrangements, Messrs. J. Zeigler, Guss, Roop, and Miss Parker, for the selection of this place, for, indeed, in every respect but one, which I shall mention concerning the "lake," it is admirably adapted for picnic parties, and it is not too much to say that it beats the shores of the romantic Brandywine all hollow considered as a place for a pleasure party, where last year we enjoyed "Fox and Geese" and its many "prodigious smacks" to our hearts' content. The grove of Glendown was secured all to ourselves. There were no hearing people beyond the few in our own company to play "owl" with our signs or to see how loud we could render Yankee Doodle in the sign-language. Besides, the grove is composed of beautiful shade trees. There were no blackberry bushes with all their horrors of thorns and green blackberries. Here and there were benches and stumps, inviting a refreshing rest, then there were tables with rusty nails to keep the ants from coming up and helping themselves to our grub, and to threaten snakes with lock-jaw if they came near. O! it was delightful; but this was not all, for there were sheltered places to which we could skeddaddle at the first drop of rain, should it choose to fall, but happily it did not choose to, and towards noon the menacing clouds dispersed and left Old Sol in all his glory, a brilliant monarch of the day. And, lastly, of the primary necessities there was the indispensable pump, which benignantly smiled at and promised our lemons as much cold water as their citric acid could afford to make lemonade. Among the secondary necessities were two signs, near a farm-house just outside the grove, which, in home-made letters, told us to "secure dinners early," and that they, the occupants of said house, had home-made pies and milk for sale. Wonder whether milk is also a culinary product. By the way, it may be well to include, among the secondary necessities, a revolving machine which was originally invented to keep crying babies, both great and small, in good spirits, as well as to drain the pockets of all the five-cent pieces which the fond mammas and papas and other grown up babies, who wished a ride, could afford. The "concern," as everybody knows, was a circular chain of hobby horses and boxes revolving around a center pole at the giddy whirl of 26 times per minute. Nor is this an end to all the "modern improvements" to a picnic ground. There was a fine lawn for "base-bawls"—not the kind that stirred the hearts of the learned and patriotic inhabitants of the Hub some eight or nine years ago at their jubilee, but for a downright game in which "white-washing," laying goose eggs, "scientific pitching," stealing bases, running home, and then getting "out on fouls" are terribly mixed up, and which as much tackle the brain of the average college man as fifty problems in Euclid. To be sure, a game of ball was not out of order during the day, and a few of the fair misses did not hesitate to try their skill in "wielding the willow" and catching the "sphere." The last, but most important, of the secondary necessities was the boating. It may seem strange that I should rate boating as a secondary pleasure to picnickers, but it is, nevertheless, true that it was so. It might have been better if the "lake" had been what the term purported it to be, but alas! it wasn't so; it was in the form of a fish-hook—not because it wished to catch its own fish, for I would be willing to buy up all the private fish-hatching establishments in the country and present them to the Government if a single wriggling eel or a crying cat-fish could be hauled out of that

"lake" with the latest and most improved fishing tackle known to an Isaac Walton. Nor was this the worst part of it. The string of water so vulgarly denominated a lake, though it had hardly the breadth to let two row-boats pass each other without a collision; but we did not much fear being shipwrecked, for we felt sure if the cows in the neighboring fields could chase our boats from one end of the lake to the other without getting drowned (which was very probable), we might also, with the aid of a club, but without a boat, chase them back again, with a little splashing of the water and a great deal of impunity, to the place where the fun might have its beginning. Notwithstanding all the drawbacks concerning the lake it was situated in a really beautiful place, and the mates engaged boats by the dozen, as if they were fried oysters, and we had as much fun as the breadth of the lake would allow. Late in the afternoon, when every one of the 125 picnickers appeared to form part of the crew of some little craft, there was much fun in huddling boats together in the attempt to keep cool by splashing the water in all directions, and then an attempt to withdraw the vessels from the volleys of water, which everywhere appeared to dispense rheumatism and a "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to."

But boating and the splashing of water were not the only occupations we found during the day. It must not be supposed that the good old game of "Fox and Geese" was left out in the cold. Oh! no; it once or twice had a warm reception, and was participated in by some of the young hearing lady friends of the mates who had come to see what kind of a picnic we would have. An incident at the opening of a game of "Fox and Geese" which was noticed by the writer brought a broad grin on his countenance. It was this: When a goodly party of young ladies and gentlemen formed a circle one of the mute ladies observed that the hats of the ladies were in the way, and suggested that they should be taken off, which, in the twinkling of an eye, was accordingly done. A very funny but at the same time rather embarrassing incident, also happened. A young mute lady lost a gold ring, and some other mute ladies accused the hearing and speaking man who had charge of the revolving riding machine of having found it and put it into his vest pocket without returning it to the loser. Your correspondent, being a semi-mute, volunteered to be an interpreter between the two parties. The man denied having found the ring and, on being asked to let us see what he had, produced from his vest pocket the pewter head of a savage little bull pup which had once formed the handle of a cane. It is needless to say more about the affair. It can be imagined.

Only two slight mishaps occurred to our party during the day, namely, the accidental "ducking" in the lake of a small child and a boy.

Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, attended our picnic, and, in the afternoon, delivered quite a sermon of ten minutes' duration.

At 8:25 p. m. we proceeded to the Glendown station and took the train for the Quaker City, where we soon arrived. Thus the picnic of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Association ended at 9 p. m.

J. T. E.

### THE OLD NORTH STATE IN FAVOR OF A CONVENTION.

TARDOR, N. C., July 13, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Through much reluctance, for several reasons best known to myself, I am encouraged to respond to the unanimous voices from different parts of this, our vast Republic on the subject of a national convention of the deaf and dumb, a subject fraught with much interest to us all. Let the preliminaries necessary to the opening of the convention be put in permanent form for future reference. Blaze forth the plans, etc., on the house-top and ventilate them in your columns for a while before the inauguration of the would-be important era in our own history. We, the southern mutes, will approve whatever you have said and may say in reference to the convention, relying on your common sense and altogether ignoring the sectional feelings between us and the night-mare of the late war. Let us live in brotherly unity, as of yore, and aim at our common welfare. May God, in His inscrutable wisdom, bring out the plans to a successful issue. Work, work, dear brethren, and remember that "God helps them that help themselves." H. C. THRE.

### NOT OF THE "SELLING OUT" KIND.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I noticed in your issue of June 26th an article headed "Ernestine," signed "C.N." in which he says the Boston Herald reported foul play in the match between me and Gerry, and in consequence many of the Boston mutes take it to mean that I sold out. It is true that I left the amateurs, as I had a right to do so long as I did it honorably. I wish you would be so kind as to give this a place in your paper, and also copy the piece out from the Boston Herald. In no match, either as an amateur or professional, have I directly or indirectly made any arrangements with any person whereby anything but a fair race could be had. The report of the Herald to which "C.N." refers was the account given of the match at Monument Hall, and not at Armory Hall, My dear friend, Isaac A. Blanchard, of this city, feels grieved because the Boston deaf-mutes think he wrote the "C.N." article. He disclaims any knowledge of the piece or its author.

Yours truly,  
EDWIN W. FRISBIE.

Charlestown, Mass., July 18, 1879.

## THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Our editor having made a full exposition of the shaky arguments advanced by the irrepressible Mr. G. E. Fischer in behalf of a new paper, and shown him, by the unanswerable logic of facts, how futile and foolish it would be for him to undertake to start one, I need say no more on that subject, but as my opponent seems sore and labors under a misunderstanding concerning certain terms used in my first article, and demands the *amende honorable*, I cheerfully accede to that demand, although he is personally as entirely unknown to me as I am to him. I never saw him and never even heard of him till his name came up as the would-be editor of a paper to be started here in New England. In fact the gentleman is to me as much of a stranger as "the man in the moon," and, perchance, were fate to bring us two together, we might possibly find there was between us none of that "divine afflatus" which unites two souls in bonds of congenial harmony; for it seems that the gentleman from Damariscotta is visionary—given to impracticable projects and imaginary hallucinations, while I am wholly matter-of-fact, and always prefer "a bird in the hand to two in the bush," which largely accounts for my present content with the JOURNAL.

Now, as to those expressions in my first article which proved so objectionable to our "Down East" friend, I will say that the heading of my article—"The fools not all dead yet"—is a saying in common vogue among the hearing people, by whom it is used not so much as a personal epithet as a general term spoken in a tone of half-humorous and half-sarcastic contempt concerning any person or persons who undertake or do foolish, impracticable things, and in this latter sense alone was it used by me. As to the "assinine folly," really now, I fear that Mr. Fischer was quizzing me, or else his ideas had for the nonce gone wool-gathering. Surely a person so intelligent and well versed in the English language must be aware that there are different kinds and degrees of folly, and, although opinions may differ on a point so delicate, it seems to the writer that the sort of folly Mr. Fischer contemplates and itches to perpetrate comes under the above head.

What I have said upon the subject of starting a paper here has been said in no partisan spirit. As a New England mute I had public spirit enough to be interested, but I have no axe to grind and no hobby to ride; I merely take a practical view of the matter. I have vivid recollections of the *Galland Guide, National Deaf-Mute Gazette, and Deaf-Mutes' Friend*, which have long since "gone where the woodbine twines," and those who were bamboozled and swindled out of their dollars will not feel in a hurry to see that old game repeated, realizing that the JOURNAL is the best paper we ever had. It suffices as the medium of news and interchange of ideas between our class in all parts of the Union, Canada, and Europe. The mutes seem to appreciate it more and more. Let us unite one and all to aid in making the JOURNAL a model paper.

I trust that I have proved to Mr. Fischer's satisfaction that nothing of a personal nature was intended on my part toward him, that he will accept the *amende honorable* herein tendered him, "bury the hatchet," and "shake hands across the bloody chasm;" and as he holds a facile pen may we not hope to often hear from him as a correspondent of the JOURNAL? REX.

### SOME OF THE CRIMINALITY OF A DEAF-MUTE.

WAUKESHA, Wis., July 12, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—I shall expect a visitor here to-day; it is the JOURNAL. I am going to town for it to-day, and I know it will be there, without doubt. Should you find this letter to be profitable for the deaf-mutes you may publish it.

A. R. Goodell came to J. Hummer's in the fall of 1878 and succeeded in getting \$40 out of him. Hummer was formerly a teacher at the deaf and dumb institution at Iowa City, before the construction of the institution at Council Bluffs. Goodell, coming west to Des Moines City, met a deaf-mute there who is a boot and shoemaker by trade in the establishment of Corning, who manages a large and extensive firm. Goodell at once concluded to go in the shop and ask Jacob Harvey for \$150, for which he would give him a chattel mortgage on his team and wagon. But Goodell's sharp plans proved too much for him as Harvey, while working in the shop, was so much offended by Goodell's repeating the old plans over again and again that Harvey threw the pegging hammer at Goodell's head. It might have instantly killed Goodell, but he received no serious injuries. Goodell afterwards went to George Huston to beg for winter quarters there. This is only 12 miles from Des Moines City. George Huston got very much displeased with Goodell, ordered him to leave, and find employment so as to support himself. Goodell made his way back to Des Moines to find work, and succeeded in getting a small job at packing ice. Goodell however went to Harvey again, begged of him to let him board there while he worked, and promised to pay at the end of each week, I, myself, being present and saw the whole affair and what was agreed to between the two about boarding. Goodell succeeded in getting \$10 worth of goods, such as boots, overalls, &c., of Harvey, his board being unpaid for three weeks. Mr. Harvey wanted his pay and demanded \$19 which Goodell honestly owed him. Goodell was preparing his team to start off, leaving his debts unpaid. So Harvey attached Goodell's personal property. A lawsuit was begun. Goodell got the advantage of Harvey, and had it not been for my

stepping in just in time to continue the matter Harvey would have had to pay the sum of \$200. Harvey earnestly begged me to take the matter into my hands, and we had a large lawsuit, which continued for five days. Goodell had to surrender at last. Goodell's property was in the hands of a wealthy doctor, in Michigan, who came all the way just to save Goodell from getting into further trouble.

Goodell also succeeded in getting an order on Wm. Huffman for \$9.75. Goodell went and collected the full amount. His pretense was to collect it for Wm. Huffman, but the whole amount has been lost. Afterwards Goodell made his way west 25 miles from Des Moines, and stopped with Mrs. Machen, whose sister is deaf. There he succeeded in stealing \$500 from Mrs. Machen, her husband being at the Colorado mines, getting \$90 a month. He is a well-to-do farmer. Goodell's wife went up stairs while Goodell was preparing his team to start. She stole some valuable clothes and packed them in her valise. Coming down stairs, her face was as white as a ghost. She went out and both made their way in haste towards Omaha, 90 miles west, before Mrs. Machen suspected that anything was missed.

I only hope the well-educated mutes will keep watch of poorly-educated mutes. Goodell never muddles with the well-educated mutes. I had the JOURNAL sent me just five days before the suit was commenced. It was read aloud before a crowd. It proved hard on Goodell's rascality in the East some years since.

I am sorry that I was absent while Rev. A. W. Mann was at Des Moines preaching, and hope he will call again. If so I shall try to make it an interesting affair and try to have more mutes present. Probably fifteen of the mutes that I know will be able to come. He will please let me know in time so that I may send word to those mutes.

Yours, etc.,  
JOHN BRININGER.

### FOURTH ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The fourth annual excursion of the Manhattan Literary Association took place yesterday at Excelsior Grove, about twenty miles up the Hudson, nearly opposite the beautiful city of Yonkers. By some sort of blunder, the managers secured that tnb of a boat, a barge, which laid at the foot of East Eighth street, where about 150 persons got on board, and shortly after the appointed time the boats left for their next stopping-place. During the sail down the East River a refreshing breeze was blowing, but upon rounding the Battery the barge went with the wind; consequently "Old Sol's" rays began to be felt. At the pier, foot of Franklin street, some 200 additional persons came on board, when the boat started for their last landing place. Upon arriving there another excursion barge was found occupying the end of the pier, with a couple of rival Coney Island steamers trying to make the next landing. By skillful management our barge was soon lashed alongside of the other, a gang-plank thrown between the two, and thus those mutes and their friends who had been waiting in the hot sun for more than an hour were got on board, and then the boat started for the river. Arriving off Fort Lee, great astonishment was expressed at the improvement which had taken place at that historical spot, and also at the fine appearance of "old Fanwood" when seen from the river.

About noon the boats reached the grove and then ensued a rush for the best tables, which were soon spread with those good things which usually tempt hungry excursionists. These soon disappeared and likewise the demolishers, some of the latter seeking the shady walks in the woods, others the swings, boats and dancing platform. At the last named place the company was entertained for some time by a Scotch deaf-mute, dressed as a Highlander, with a number of fancy dances. The band then struck up a lively waltz, and soon the floor was crowded with couples circling round and round. At half-past four the whistle sounded the return, and when all were on board the boats started for the city. About the same time a lively breeze sprang up which proved to be the forerunner of a shower, which broke over the boats in torrents just as they were about making their last landing in the city. The mutes had to disembark immediately; consequently most of them got soaking wet. Among those present were Revs. Dr. Gallaudet and Chamberlain, Professor Chamberlain, of the Rome institution, Prof. Hodgson, E. J. Hall, of the New York Institution, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Roach, Mrs. Odell and daughter, Mr. G. L. Reynolds, Mr. T. F. Fox, Mr. W. B. Magill, Mrs. Bond and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, Mr. George Lockwood, Mr. Ekardt and ladies, Mr. John Wilkinson and friend, from Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, Mr. Wolfraun, late from Germany, Messrs. Froehlich, Souweine, O'Brien, Clarke, and Brown, Misses Lizzie Noble and Mary Whitehead, Mrs. Bailey, of Harlem, F. B. Thompson, of Bound Brook, N. J., the Misses Connors, Miss Glockman, Miss Julia Smith, and the various members of the association. W.

New York, July 10, 1879.

—While a drove of Texan steers were being driven through the streets of New York several of them broke loose. Several persons were tossed on the horns of the frantic animals, which were pursued by policemen and finally shot.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

## CLOSING EXERCISES OF ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE.

DEAR JOURNAL:—The closing exercises of the St. Joseph's Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Brooklyn, N. Y., took place on Thursday, June 26th, before a select audience, composed of the parents and a few invited guests. Several of the Catholic clergy, who seemed to be known and beloved by the very youngest of the pupils, took an active part in the exercises and heartily enjoyed the evident progress of the pupils. The exercises took place in the school-room, the walls of which were covered with ferns, charts, and emblematic characters.

At 2 p. m. the 53 pupils who compose the school ranged themselves on the raised dias facing the audience, each making a quaint little gesture as they entered. They were a bright, intelligent company of children and young ladies, many of them possessing beautiful faces, which were augmented by their dresses of uniform white. The exercises were conducted by Miss Helen Phalen, the Principal, and consisting of the following novel

### PROGRAMME.

ADDRESS, — Miss L. GARDINER.

WHAT WE LOVE, — Miss A. SHIELD, M. GREEN, M. WILSON, J. STUBBS, G. HAYDEN, L. O'REILLY, M. FOSTER.

### THE SCHOOL FOR DAUGHTERS.

A Play in Three Acts.

AGNES, an old Cottager, — Miss B. McCUR, JENNY, her Granddaughter, — "E. LACAS, EVELINA, a Stranger, — "A. HUGHES, FANNY, a Beggar Girl, — "L. GILBERT, MISS HOWARD, a young West Indian Heiress, Miss H. McNAMARA, SAMBO, a black girl, her attendant, Miss F. WELCH.

LUCRETIA, a Cousin of Miss Howard, — "L. DEVOT.

MRS. WOODVILLE, a widow lady of wealth and charitable feelings, — Miss L. WOODS.

MRS. FRIENDLY, on a visit to Mrs. Woodville, — Miss L. LAFRERY, AUGUSTA, — daughters, — "K. O'REILLY, JEMIMA, — of Mrs. Woodville, — "M. LOWRY, VILLAGE GIRLS, — Miss K. McANDERSON, invited to the dance, — "E. GALLAGHER, M. DUGAN.

SUSAN, Mrs. Woodville's housemaid, — Miss M. McCLYNN, MAITHEA, a new servant, — "M. WILLIAMS, MRS. RACKET, housekeeper, — "M. GUSCHENAN, "M. DONNELLY.

FARM SERVANTS, — "K. COLLIGAN.

### CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MUTES.

Misses M. McCORMACK and L. GARDINER.

### SACRED HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

### THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.—A Dialogue.

Misses M. LOWRY, M. McCORMACK, L. LAFRERY, L. GARDINER, E. LONG, M. HUNTER, and L. SHELVEY.

### UNITED STATES HISTORY AND PARSING.

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

### OUR CHRISTMAS VACATION.—A Dialogue.

Misses M. MACKEY, J. STUBBS, E. LONG, E. RACHEL and M. McCLYNN.

### AMTICULATION, VISIBLE SPEECH & ARITHMETIC.

### LORD'S PRAYER.

### CLOSING DIALOGUE.

Misses M. GUSCHENAN and M. McCORMACK.

### DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

The dialogues and other pieces were rendered in exquisite pantomime, and the general bearing of the pupils showed that their instructors have attended faithfully to their duties. Prizes of books were awarded to about 30 of the pupils. The grand prize, a gold medal for superior excellence in all studies, was awarded to Miss L. Woods, a beautiful young lady, whose performance throughout the exercises showed her to be an uncommonly bright young person.

The institution is now in a very prosperous condition, and the only difficulty the managers experience is the need of more room. This, however, they soon expect to overcome, and will, at an early day, obtain more commodious quarters and thus be able to accommodate the numerous applications for admission. J. S.

New York, July 17, 1879.

### JOHN BROOKS IN MICHIGAN.

JACKSON, Mich., July 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I left Toronto, Can., on the 3d of July for this city on a visit. I arrived at Jackson at 12 o'clock noon on the 4th ult., and was unable to attend the celebration of the Fourth in this city. I had an attack of pain in my back for three days.

On Saturday morning, the 12th inst., was the first day that I went up town to meet Mr. Kerr, the well-known deaf-mute artist, and had a good, long talk with him. When we were coming home, along Main street, we met Mr. J. Borden, the "Boss tailor," and had no time to talk with him as he was busy.

Rev. A. W. Mann was in this city on the 9th inst. to hold services for the deaf-mutes of this city. I was not able to attend the service, as my back was no better. Next time Mr. Mann comes here I shall be happy to attend his services.

Mr. C. G. Walker, the treasurer of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Association, has resigned his position, and Mr. C. Howe, of Toronto, has been appointed treasurer until the election of officers takes place in September next.

William E. Sloane was in Toronto the week before I left that city, looking for "Torontoian." He was trying to get "Torontoian" before a Toronto court for slandering him. I believe that "Torontoian" was correct. I heard that W. E. Sloane is now in Buffalo, N. Y., looking for another "wife." I wonder if he has separated from his first wife. He offered \$1 to a deaf-mute printer in Toronto if the printer could inform him where "Torontoian" lives, but the printer could not do so.

Any deaf-mutes wishing to correspond with me will be very welcome and may address box 1,372, Jackson, Mich.

Yours truly,  
JOHN BROOKS.

## "RED INK" ON THE "LEADER."

The Brooklyn *Leader* still plods on its way. The Brooklyn ass has not yet ceased to bray. But wastes his time on editorials long. With weak attempts to right some fancied wrong.

In reasoning so vague each reader's mind, Perplexed, essays some meaning there to find. O, useless task!—to every one 'tis plain, Who search for reason there will search in vain. Of all misfortunes that our mutes have burst, The Brooklyn *Leader* surely is the worst, Where wild and misled fancies ever reign, The stupid pathos of a muddled brain; For what in arrant nonsense can surpass This vain, unreasonable, Brooklyn ass? Inspired by malice, and urged on by hate, To drag down others to his own low state, He fixes to his bow the rocking dart, And then directs it at some human heart, But, aimed with spirit mean and purpose dark, The mispent arrow fails to reach the mark. In articles that brand him as a fool, He hides underneath the initials of his tool, He strives in rambling sentences to tell How surds as teachers never can excel, Forgetting that the scanty wit he uses Was taught him by the teachers he abuses. What foolish, shallow thoughts are met with when

A hand like this aspires to guide the 'pen! Accept this counsel, my benighted friend: Deal but with subjects that you comprehend. Your curtailed knowledge and your wisdom slight.

Forbid you on such lofty themes to write. In social rank respect and pride demand That honest words must be far above your stand, Thus demonstrating to all wayward youth The road to greatness is the path of truth, And futile is the toil of him who tries To gain by envy or by slander rise.

### Cincinnati Notes.

The past week has been a big one for the deaf-mutes of Cincinnati in the way of amusements.

On the afternoon of Sunday, June 29th, Rev. A. W. Mann delivered a good and instructive sermon to a large audience at St. John's (Episcopal) Church. On the evening of the same day he took the cars for his home in Cleveland, O., being compelled to deprive himself of the pleasure of attending the picnic on the next day by the sickness of his child.

Then followed June 30th, the picnic day, a beautiful day. About 9 o'clock the beautiful hill top, the Bellevue House was beginning to be crowded with merry picnickers. Shaking hands was first in order, and conversation and amusements, such as billiards, bowling alley, flying Dutchman, &c., then followed and were soon in full blast. About six o'clock in the evening the grounds were crowded with people. About 1,500 or 1,800 were present, and 150 of them were mutes. Many mutes from abroad honored the picnic with their presence. I will mention some of the more prominent visitors: Professor Robert Patterson, J. M. Park, and Squire L. D. Waite, of Columbus, O.; Captain Robert H. King, of Lexington, Ky.; George Van Doren, of Franklin, O.; David Good, pastor, of Aurora, Ind.; Silas and Abijah Guard, of Lawrenceburg, Md.; Abe Goldmann, of Middletown, O., and John Kinsler, of Williamstown, Ky. Many ladies from abroad also contributed to the liveliness of the picnic. I noticed among them the following: Miss Robertson, a teacher at the Indianapolis school; Miss Hattie Holland, of West Alexandria, O.; Miss Mary Guard, of Elizabethtown, O.; Misses Gillespie and Jack, of Patriot, Ind.; Mr. Gustave A. Converse and wife, an aged and respectable couple, of Winchendon, Mass., who were on their way to St. Paul, Minn., stopped here and attended the picnic. Mr. J. G. Parkinson, formerly of the Patent department, Washington, D. C., now of the law firm of Parkinson & Bros., Cincinnati, illuminated the picnic with his manly presence. Dick Long and Alfred Wood, students of the college at Washington, who are spending their vacation in this vicinity, aided in the enjoyment of the picnickers. Among the speaking people present were many distinguished personages, among them Senators Armstrong and Forrest and Representative Klumper, members of the Ohio Legislature. They all expressed their pleasure at the successful manner in which the picnic was managed.

After the supper, to which most of the visitors were invited, an audience was formed in the pavilion, and Mr. Runkel, one of the committee and one of the most active friends of the mutes, delivered a short address in regard to the deaf-mute day school. He proceeded to award prizes to persons who sold the largest number of picnic tickets. The lucky winner on the part of the girls was Miss Lulu Gutmer, a beautiful young pupil of Professor McGregory, who carried off a gold locket. Five boys, all pupils of the same school, walked about with nice suits of clothing, which were given them on the previous day as a token of their successful sale of tickets. Each of them having sold over 100 tickets. Then music and dancing, busy spelling on fingers, and swaying of arms were furiously kept up till 12 o'clock, when the crowd struck a bee line for their respective homes and hotels. Thus passed the fourth annual picnic, a very enjoyable and successful one, financially and socially.

Then came the glorious Fourth. The event of the day for the mutes was a match game of base-ball between the Independent Base Ball Club, a nine of mutes from Columbus, O., and the Cincinnati Stars, one of the strongest clubs in the West. The mute club is a very fine set of players. Their names were as follows in batting order: J. Himesplough, center field, Ike Sawhill, catcher, J. Rynn, 1st base, F. Hunter, short stop, J. W. Leib, 2d base, J. B. Stoddler, 3d base, C. S. Sawhill, left field, E. Dundan, pitcher, J. Hahn, right field, H. Bades, substitute. Of these Hahn and Bades

### RUNN SCORED.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Syracuse.....1 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 5

Independents.....2 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 8

Earned Run.....1 0 1 0 2 0 0 2 8

Two Base Hits—Osterhout, 1;

Double Plays—Dundun, Leib and Rynn, 1;

Strike Out—Syracuse 7, Independents, 3;

Balls Called—On Syraeger, 11; on Dundun, 7;

Strikes Called—Off Syraeger, 23; off Dundun, 10;

First Base on Balls—Syracuse, 4; Independents, 2;

First Base on Errors—Syracuse, 3; Independents, 8;

Passed Balls—Hamphreys, 2; J. Sawhill, 2.

Wild Pitches—Hamphreys, 2; J. Sawhill, 2.

Time of Game—3 Hours.

Umpire—Robert Cary, of Syracuse.

### Pedestrianism in the Charlestown District, Mass.

The ten-mile heel-and-toe walk for \$100 and the championship of Massachusetts, between E. W. Frisbie and A. W. Gerry, (deaf-mutes) came off in Armory Hall, Bunker Hill District, last evening. Previous to the walk a two-mile race, go-as-you-please, was put on between Daniel O'Connell and W. T. Carter for two silver cups, open to amateurs only. O'Connell won by four laps in 14 minutes and 30 seconds. A five-mile walk was next started, for which Roberts, Ryan, Skilling, Duncan, Wheeler, and Young started. Ryan won in 45 minutes, beating Skilling's thirty-one and one-half laps. Frisbie and Gerry started on their walk at 9:57. Frisbie passed Gerry on the sixteenth lap of the first mile. Considerable excitement was manifested on the seventh mile, but Gerry gave up after completing nine miles and ten laps. Frisbie's time for the ten miles was 1:10, 26 minutes and 40 seconds.—Boston Herald.



